THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 16. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1869. PRICE TWOPENCE.

HERE AND THERE.

The trial of Messrs. Gurney and their fellow-directors terminated on Wednesday with a verdict of acquittal.

Prince Christian made his first appearance in the hunting field on Tuesday last, with Sir Robert Bateson Harvey's (late the Prince of Wales's) harriers. The Prince rode well, taking all his fences, including post and rails, in good form.

Brin de dialogue d'après nature, cueilli dans les coulisses d'un de nos théâtres qui désire garder anonyme.

Deux petites dames de la rampe, en attendant le moment de faire leur entrée, causaient de l'ingénue du crû—

"Je t'assure qu'elle est sage."

"Et le petit Russe?"

"Ma chère, il paraît que c'est son premier."

"Au-dessus de combien d'entresols?"

Propos d'ivrognes.

"Ainsi, Rosalie te trompe?"

"C'est comme je te le dis; l'autre soir que je rentrais un peu pompette, je l'ai bien vue."

"En es-tu bien sûr?"

"Aussi *sur* qu'on peut être quand on est *sous*."

The Orange demonstration at Derry, held on the 18th, passed off with unlooked-for tranquillity.

Lady Fife, well known in the fashionable world, died suddenly on Saturday last, at her residence in Cavendish-square.

The Welsh "Fasting Girl" died on the 17th inst.

The following is said to be the origin of the expression "to make a complete fiasco." A German one day seeing a glassblower at his occupation, thought nothing could be easier than glassblowing, and that he could soon do it as well as the other. He accordingly commenced by blowing vigorously, but could only produce a sort of pear-shaped balloon or little flask (fiasco). The second attempt had a similar result, and so on until fiasco after fiasco had been made. Hence arose the expression which we not unfrequently have occasion to use when describing the result of our private and public undertakings.

Le Petit Journal, after speaking of the ignorance with regard to English affairs on the part of those who read and write on the other side of the Channel, contradicts a report which it appears has been prevalent in France, that Mr. Calcraft is about to retire from the post of hangman. So far from this being the case there is no reason, we are told, why he should not hold the office as long as he lives. He has no official existence, but is employed by the sheriffs, who pay him 100*l.* a year out of their private purses, in addition to which he gets a bonus of 5*l.* on the occasion of every execution, making his income about 200*l.* a year. It gives its readers this information with reference to the execution of "Frederick Winson," who, it says, was condemned to death at the assizes of the "Old-Bayby."

There is no truth in the report that Signor Mario has committed suicide.

Quelle différence y a-t-il entre un vélocipède et un grog?

C'est que le vélocipède, pour être bon doit être de Michaud, et que le grog doit l'être tout à fait.

The memorial which it is proposed to erect over the grave of the late Marquis of Hastings, in Kensal Green Cemetery has been completed. The prominent object on the structure is a figure of Hope clinging to a cross. This effigy, which is about half the height of a woman, has been carved out of a block of Cararra marble eight tons in weight. The features of Hope are manifestly intended to resemble those of the Marchioness of Hastings.

The Birmingham papers publish the following letter:—"To Mr. J. Bright, President of the Board of Trade.—Sir.—I have within the last few days seen published in several newspapers, *Punch* itself included, my farm return to Somerset House. I believe it was a mistake on my part to believe that they would not be made public. Also, at having taken the slightest notice of what you were reported to have said in the House of Commons, and elsewhere, respecting farmers and their affairs. Shall be heedless of such instructions for the future.—THOS. MANN, Farmer, Radway, Warwick. December 17, 1869."

There is no foundation whatever for the statement to the effect that France has proposed a disarmament at St.Petersburg, Vienna, Florence, Berlin, and it is supposed London.

A physician who has made disorders of the mind his special study, is to visit Troppmann to examine his mental state. This medical man is acting on instructions from M. Lachaud, who apparently intends to adopt the plea of insanity in defence of his client.

Our law courts are really disgraceful. In no other country is justice administered in such a scene of confusion and discomfort; and when, as in the Overend and Gurney prosecution, considerable public interest is excited in a case, this confusion and discomfort reached their height. That portion of the court which should be reserved for those whose duties bring them there, is permitted to be invaded by the general body of spectators. Reporters are hustled into corners, there to perform the difficult feat of short-hand reporting with the paper on their knees or hats. Jurors-in-waiting are invited to stand for three or four hours with the elbows of spectators forced into their ribs, or in the alternative to be fined ten or twenty pounds. Eminent (and elderly) Queen's counsel rise to address the jury flushed and breathless from a series of hand-to-hand encounters in forcing their way to their seats. Behind the bar matters are still worse. There the proverbial latitude allowed to counsel is the merest figure of speech. The briefless ones, who are either engaged in reporting, or in an innocent if unprofitable study—that of their profession—perform their respective duties under the greatest disadvantages from pressure and overcrowding. Surely we need not wait for the new law courts to correct this state of things.

A lamentable scandal has just occurred at Loiré. The second priest of that parish has eloped with one of the religious sisters who teach in the girls' school. The fugitives are supposed to have proceeded to Paris.

All Lisbon, says the *Gaulois*, is ringing with a mischance which has befallen King Ferdinand. It appears that His Majesty, on leaving the opera, was inconveniently pressing in his attentions (*la dame fut serreé d'un peu pres*) to a Spanish lady. The insulted fair one turned round and—boxed the Royal ears! Tableau.

The French papers publish the indictment against Troppmann, whose trial, it is believed, will take place at the end of the present month. One of the principal points insisted upon in this legal document is that the accused had no accomplices in the commission of the various murders laid to his charge, and that his assertions to the contrary are mere inventions unworthy of regard. The indictment, as is customary in France, gives a narrative of the whole of the circumstances connected with the assassination of the Kinck family, and draws the conclusion that Troppmann was exactly the man to plan and accomplish the crimes of which he is accused.

Scandal is once more at work in the *salons* of the *grand monde*. A certain Count Pétion de Villeneuve, who has been making ducks and drakes of the hearts *en disponibilité* in fashionable circles, suddenly disappeared the other day between a brace of policemen, and is now under lock and key on the charge of swindling. Great was the outcry made against the police, who, it was believed, had been the victims of mistaken identity. But the truth has oozed out to-day. "M. le Comte" is none other than plain Jean Ferdinand, an incorrigible swell mobsman, for whom the detectives have been a long time in quest. We are told that he is decorated with the Legion of Honour, that he was on the point of marrying a noble lady, and many other extraordinary things, but I am inclined to think that these are only the fancy additions of the penny-a-liner. However, we shall probably hear more about him in a few days.

In these days we have no illusions left, not even ghosts. A correspondent sends us an explanation of the spectral axe at the Tower, which is, we are sorry to say, shockingly simple and prosaic. There is, it seems, in one of the towers of that fortress a peculiar old loophole, somewhat resembling in shape the capital letter T with the arms shortened; this loophole is in the wall of a closet, outside which there is another wall. When the outer wall is in shadow, and the gas lighted in the closet, a light is thrown on to the outer wall through the loophole, which from its peculiar shape makes the thrown light bear a resemblance to a battle-axe.

A case came on for hearing yesterday, before the Tribunal of Correctional Police which marks, it is to be hoped, the commencement of a new era in the social habits of Paris. On the 1st of this month, as I recounted to you at the time, an assault took place on the staircase of the Imperial Club. The assailant was M. de Heeckeren, a young man, and son to a senator, but not a member of the club, while the person whom he attacked, M. Kœnigswarter, was a member, and old enough to be his father, and, in fact, was the friend of his father. Instead of having recourse to the barbarous anachronism and absurdity of the duello, M. Kœnigswarter sought redress at the hands of justice. The defendant did not appear in court, but from the evidence presented by the prosecutor, and corroborated by the one witness called, M. Archdeacon, it appears that M. de Heeckeren passed them as he entered the club, then turned round, slightly lifted his hat, and said to M.Kœnigswarter, "Monsieur, I salute you;" to which the latter replied, "So I see," without returning the salute. Thereupon M. de Heeckeren struck off M. Kœnigswarter's hat with his cane; the owner quietly replaced it, when the young man immediately cried out, "Salute me, sir;" and the other replied, "Not till you have discharged your obligation to me," which rejoinder led to a renewal of the assault. The obligation referred to was a sum of 6,000f. lent to M. de Heeckeren two years ago to acquit a debt at play, knowledge of which he did not desire to come to his father's ears. M. Lachaud, who was advocate for the complainant, stated that this money had not been repaid. The tribunal, I am glad to say, did not run with the current of the effete dandyism of the Boulevards, which considers that M. Kœnigswarter should have given his enemy an opportunity of running him through with a rapier as satisfaction for having struck him with a cane. On the contrary, it has acted with the staidest and most "unchivalric" justice, and sentenced the senator's son to one month's imprisonment and a fine of 100f. with costs.

As anything which tends to promote the comfort of playgoers is interesting to a large circle, we direct attention to a letter that appears in the *Builder* of last week, containing a statement which, assuming it to be correct, cannot fail to add to the interest of the evening's amusement. Some of our theatres, says the correspondent of the *Builder*, have large central glass gaseliers, with pendants, which are, by the draught of air drawn up, in a constant swinging motion. Friction is going on with the slight supporting wires, and sooner or later a few of the pendants will quietly drop on the head of an attentive auditor, and may cause a scene never contemplated by any when first entering the theatre. There are some among us who contemplate so much in the way of discomfort and disgust when we enter a theatre that we doubt if the fall of a

gaselier would disturb our equanimity to the extent anticipated.

It will be recollected that at the November sessions of the Central Criminal Court, Mr. Robert Cook, a gentleman possessed of considerable fortune, and well-known at the west-end of the town as a financial agent, or, as he was described at the trial, as a money-lender, was convicted of a misdemeanour, and sentenced to 12 months' hard labour. The case was of a somewhat complicated character, the specific charge made against the defendant being that he had by false pretences induced the prosecutrix, a widow lady named Hall, to assign to him a policy of insurance for 200*l.*, by means of which he obtained the proceeds. Since the conviction the whole of the facts have been submitted to the Secretary of State, who has communicated with the learned judge presiding at the trial (the Common Serjeant), and from the report that was made by him in reference to the case, it is very probable that the defendant will receive a free pardon.

An action for breach of promise of marriage was lately tried before Lord Ormidale and a jury in the Court of Session, Edinburgh. The pursuer was Miss Amelia Fleming, residing at Frenchie, Fifeshire, and the defender was William Alice, tanner, Leslie, in the same county. Damages were laid at £1,000 It appeared that the pursuer had been carrying on a good business as a dressmaker, which she had given up in consequence of the expected marriage; that the bride's cake and wedding dresses had been purchased; that it was generally understood by the pursuer's acquaintances that the marriage was to be solemnised; and that her health had suffered a good deal since the engagement had been broken off. In the course of the evidence for the defence it was stated that the defender was much given to drink; that at the time the promise of marriage was made he was labouring under great nervous excitement; and for three weeks he was almost constantly in bed without taking off his clothes; that he kept shouting for drink and crying that his brain was on fire; and that when he did go out it was in the evening to a public house. It was also alleged that when he went to buy the wedding dresses he was in a state of intoxication, and that on all occasions when he made reference to the marriage he was under the influence of drink. One of the witnesses—a washerwoman who had given Miss Fleming a broom as a marriage present—declared that the defender was of "drunken" habits, and always "stottin' fou." Another witness said that the defender "had betters and waurs, but Saturday nicht was aye a sair nicht wi' him." The jury, after being absent about 20 minutes, gave a unanimous verdict for the pursuer, assessing the damages at £450.

Popular tradition asserts that it is lawful for a man to beat his wife if the stick he uses be no thicker than his little finger, but there has hitherto been no limit to the size of the whip with which a brutal cabdriver may flog his horse. We are, therefore, glad to see that the production in Bow-street Police-court yesterday of a most formidable lash with which Charles Dagwell had cut and mutilated the poor animal entrusted to him, was not without its effect upon the court, and that the man got a month's imprisonment. If drivers could have even a small amount of instruction in the treatment of animals, they would learn that the employment of the whip is a proclamation of their own weakness. Having lost the natural governing power which is man's by right they resort to a regimen of force, as unnatural and as much to be deprecated as the maintenance of order in a State by bayonets and rifles. The proper instruments for governing various animals are indicated on high authority in the words: "A bit for the horse, and a bridle for the ass." We wish that cruel cabdrivers might have reason to remember that the verse goes on to recommend "a rod for the fool's back."

Yesterday afternoon another homicide was registered against the infamous "Black Hole of St. Pancras." The jury called it "Death by misadventure;" the public are at liberty to form their own judgment. The medical officer ordered the strong dose of five grains of calomel to be administered to a young woman suffering from pleurisy. A newly-appointed nurse, who has been discharged, and has gone off no one seems to know where, gave the calomel to an old woman who was suffering from debility, and slightly from diarrhœa. The old woman died—in fact, she was poisoned by "misadventure;"—the evidence leaves no doubt whatever as to the calomel being the cause of her death. Well, indeed, might Dr. Lankester find cause to write to the Home Office that "there is not a death which occurs in St. Pancras Workhouse that ought not to be inquired into, because there is such obvious mismanagement!" To the perils of death by stench, death by draughts of cold air, and death in other forms, the St. Pancras Guardians have now added "Death by misadventure."

THE GRUMBLER.

A MERRIE Christmas and a happy what? Why, 'tis an insult to common sense. Only suppose me the father of ten children (a fiction), with a bad balance at my bankers (a truth). Still, it's a festive season! Is it? I don't think it such. Perhaps you always pay ready cash, and get your outfittings from Shadrach's. No, you don't. Well, then, your butchers, and bakers, and candlestick makers are Christians, and love their neighbours as themselves. Mine are not—and when the soup and fish have been removed and the sirloin and turkey come on the table, I proudly glance at Arabella my first-born, and while inwardly delighted at her fascinations, shudder when I remember Signor Guitarinni's little bill of £50 for singing lessons; nor am I more happy when Fredericka, my second, attracts my notice, and I know that Mdlle. Chapone, her governess, lives in expectation of her last quarter's salary, and always counts on prompt payment. My eldest son, Charles, who, with his brother George, has grown, as their fond mother says, quite a foot this last half, is pouring out my best Amontilliado and drinking it by the pint with his school-fellow, Young Something or Other, little caring that it cost six-and-six the bottle; and his schoolmaster's bill is on my toilet-table, and his tailor's in my pocket. A Merrie Christmas, indeed! Yes, at the Marylebone Workhouse, where one can get roast beef and plum-pudding for nothing. No business to have such large families! Of course, one hasn't, but one has! And when the plum-pudding comes on the table, and materfamilias, like an old hen, proudly chuckles at the yellings of her young brood about town, think of Damocles' sword, and wish papa, as he will be on Boxing-day by every creditor in the parish, a "Merry Christmas and a happy new year." Well might the old Romans dread the "Celeres Kalendas," and wish the 1st of January transformed into a Greek kalend. Bah! don't talk to me of merry Christmas. Why, the butchers' shops, with their prize joints, and the poulterers', with their prize everythings, are enough to drive the starving populace of London into madness. I am only alluding to things personal! Am I? I only hope they don't apply to ten millions of the inhabitants of Great Britain. I want my bread buttered on both sides! Do I? No, I don't, but I should be glad to be able to get it on one. Buttered! Why, what do you mean by butter? There is no such thing now-a-days. Tallow! yes, sillicated tallow, or Anglicised best Dorset, one may get, but even that now lacks the taste of *près sallé*—or South Down fat—not to mention dips, to which, however, it bears the nearest approach. But hang the flavour, if it was but even wholesome! Milk! Yes—don't let's talk talk of that; for ages London has not been a city flowing with milk or honey. Princes may get Hybla, but the multitude cannot get cow-juice. Beer! The natural beverage of Britons! Is it? Well, then, I only wish they could get it. No fault of the brewers! Isn't it? Well, I never said it was. But is there a publican that ain't a sinner? Not their fault! Isn't it? Well, I never said it was; but because a maternal Government makes 'em close early, its no reason why they should poison their customers at twopence the pint. Distillers just as bad! Of course they are. Why didn't dear old George Cruikshank write ages ago—

"Oh! how dreadful now the thought is,
They makes their gin of aqua fortis;
They sells it, I'm sure, our lives to shorten,
And tickets it up at three halfpence the quartern."

How can the publicans help it? Why, of course they can't help it. And they mustn't now help their customers to a quiet game of skittles—mustn't play for beer! Why should'nt you play for beer? Is Jones, the dab at the Elephant and Measles, worse than the Marquis of Steyne at Tattersalls? Bah! the fact is *les extrêmes se touchent*, and depend upon it, next session we shall have a Bill passed through Parliament enforcing the morals of the country by the re-introducing *le couvre feu*, or curfew bell, which will be tolled from all the church steeples throughout the country at half-past 9, when all the inhabitants of this isle, except the police, will be enforced to their beds and ordered to be asleep at ten. Theatres will suffer! Will they? No they won't; why should they? They must be all closed by nine, and ballet girls and supers must hasten home to their suppers, all the better for no flirtations or beer, and asleep in their beds before Tadpole or Taper have quitted their dessert or cut for partners in the card-room of the Sarcophagus. Rather hard on the poor! Of course it will be; but when was'nt it hard for the poor? Besides, people have no business to be poor. How are they to avoid it? Why, combine, and get up bubble companies, and when they find 'em bad concerns, sell 'em to others, and get out of 'em. Rather risky! Is it? Not at all, if they do it for millions—pillage and petty larceny, of course, if they do it for pence. What do I think of having to pay taxes in advance! Why, what can I think? It's a Lowe proceeding on the part of a *too* careful Government. People ought be allowed some recreation! Ought they? You mean the British Museum, South Kensington, and Crystal Palace of a Sunday. Would'nt understand 'em! Would'nt they? Then educate them—at all events, try them. Ought to go to church! I never said they ought not. But if the Duchess of Steyne goes from St. George's to lunch, and afterwards for a stroll in the Zoological or Kensington, why should not Mrs. Jones and family, of Seven Dials, go to Little Bethlehem and afterwards with Jones and the "chitlings" for a scamper in the Gardens of Sydenham? Ah! I see, you'd have 'em all to church. Yes, Christians, perforce. I see—the old, old story, forgetting

"That some go to church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk,
Some go there dull hours to spend,
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some go there to wink and nod,
But few go there to worship God."

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

THE HOLY GRAIL.*

THE true lovers of Tennyson are very jealous for him. They dread lest any new jewel in the poet's crown should be less worthy than the old, and are perhaps more especially anxious lest any flaw should be found in the "Idylls of the King." It is with this feeling that the volume is now opened, which contains "The Holy Grail and Other Poems." Some of the latter have been already published. "The Victim" and Lucretius" are familiar to all, and the first is very touching and beautiful.

The "Golden Supper" is new; it is a pretty fanciful story told with the tender simplicity of Enoch Arden, and is almost the same in its graphic delineation of perfect love and self-sacrifice. The subject is taken from Boccaccio. A young lover, whose cousin has been wedded to his friend and rival, saves her from being buried alive, and it having been judged that from that time she had become his who so saved her—

"body and soul,
And life and limbs, all his to work his will"—

he invites a number of guests, amongst whom is the widowed husband, to a feast, and restores his dead wife to him, after having told them all the story of his love.

We cannot forbear to quote a few lines which describe the lover's visit to the buried lady in the vault where she has been laid for dead:—

"'O! love, I have not seen you for so long.
Now, now, I will go down into the grave,

**The Holy Grail and Other Poems.* By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. Strahan and Co., Publishers.

I will be all alone with all I love,
And kiss her on the lips. She is his no more,
The dead returns to me, and I go down
To kiss the dead.'
"The fancy stirr'd him so.
He rose and went, and entering the dim vault,
And making there a sudden light, beheld
All round about him that which all will be.
The light was but a flash and went again.
Then at the far end of the vault he sees
His lady with the moonlight on her face;
Her breast as in a shadow prison, bars
Of black and bands of silver, which the moon
Struck from an open grating overhead
High in the wall, and all the rest of her
Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the vault.
'It was my wish,' he said, 'to pass to sleep,
To rest, to be with her—till the great day
Pee!'d on us with that music which rights all,
And raised us, hand in hand!' and kneeling there
Down in the dreadful dust that once was man—
'Dust,' as he said, 'that once was loving hearts,
Hearts that had beat with such a love as mine—
Not such as mine, no, nor for such as her'—
He softly put his arm about her neck
And kissed her more than once, till helpless death
And silence made him bold—nay, but I wrong him.
He reverenced his dear lady even in death;
But placing his true hand upon her heart,
'O warm heart,' he moan'd, 'not even death
Can chill you all at once!'"

We hardly think there can be anything more tender or more poetical than this; but we must not delay any longer coming to "The Holy Grail." The true meaning of the word is a matter of some controversy. It has been generally considered to be the name for the legendary cup used by our Lord at the Last Supper, but some say it is the platter on which the Paschal Lamb was placed, deriving the word grail from *graal* a dish; some that it is a corruption of *sanguis realis* or *sangréal*. Tennyson describes it thus:—

"The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with his own.
This from the blessed land of Aromat—
After the day of darkness, when the dead
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good Saint
Arimatheean Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.
And there awhile it bode; and if a man
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once,
By faith, of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to Heaven and disappeared.

The knights of Arthur's Round Table believing that the vision might be restored through prayer and fasting to such as should have put away from them, as far as was possible, all mortal sin, determine

"To ride
A twelvemonth and a day in quest of it,"

although the King himself, who was absent when the strange apparition appeared to Sir Galahad, does not approve of the vow they have made, and prophecies that evil instead of good shall happen to them. During a year and a day they are supposed to wander on this quest, and at last return. Arthur, seated on his "daïs throne," questions them of their experiences. Sir Percivale, who is the chief narrator of the story, relates that having found that of which he was in search, he had resolved to leave the helmet for the cowl, giving himself up to a life of praise and prayer. And then the King turns to the others. Each in turn is supposed to relate his adventures, until Arthur comes to Lancelot, keeping

"His best until the last."

But Lancelot answers with a groan. He has striven in vain to tear away from his heart the guilty love which he describes as being

"So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,
Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower
And poisonous, grew together, each as each,
Not to be pluck'd asunder;"

Therefore the quest was not for him. The king's reply is very beautiful, and closes the poem.

It would perhaps be hardly fair not to mention "Pelleas and Ettarre," another Idyll added to the Round Table, which is full of pretty lines. There is also what we may call a *réchauffé* of the "death of Arthur," and another, "Northern Farmer," almost as quaint as our original friend.

It is all very good—a very rich feast; but still, remembering *Enid*, remembering *Elaine*, remembering *Guinevere*, we rise from it, a little disappointed!

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

Prize Word No. IX.—Christmas.

First—

A pious old Papist who has never once missed mass,
An actor so bad that they call him "the hissed ass,"
A captain of Lancers who often has kissed lass,
Assemble to day to celebrate Christmas.

I.H.S.

Second—

Hist, my comrades, hist! mass
Will make it straight for all;
Like an ox at Christmas
Let the landlord fall.

Or thus—

He never once had missed mass
Throughout the livelong year,
Save one unlucky Christmas,
When he got "surprised" in beer.

Head Centre.

Third—

Whatever his duties professional,
This Catholic Leech never missed mass;
Was absolved of his sins in confessional,
And duly got drunk all through Christm as.

Comet.

Never forget thy tryst, lass,
Ne'er fail thy promise true,
For all my joys this Christmas
Are fondly bound to you.

Ne'er fear the blinding mist, lass,
Thine eye shines bright and clear;
I swear I can't exist, lass,
Without thy sweet face near.

To day I for an artist pass,
Though born a doughty knight,
But 'tis my hope this Christmas
To call thee lady bright.

Sir Galahad.

To church, ye straying sheep,
Attend, all ye that list, mass;
Let none forget to keep
The holy feast of Christmas.

Good Cheer.

Ships now through a desert sailing,
Ships from every nation hailing
Sail across the sandy isthmus.
Suez! may the coming Christmas
Spread around thee joy and gladness,
Send thee peace and banish sadness!

Œdipus.

Before the genius of the great Lesseps
Wide waters roll where late a solid isthmus
Defied the parted ocean to o'erstep
The bar of ages. Now the seas have kist as
Long severed lovers meeting, lip to lip,
Or like the same 'neath misletoe at Christmas.

Lebas.

A cotter's young daughter from over the water
Hard by where the homestead is seen,
All buxom and neat with her "cotchel" of wheat
That she did from the harvest field glean.
"What ho! pretty maid," said the miller's young blade,
"Have you come to the mill with your grist, I ass?
"Yes, sir," said she, "for 'tis time, don't you see,
To prepare for the pudding at Christmas."

Daft Jamie.

This good advice a sweetheart gave
To his lass:—
Attend your church, be never known
To miss mass;
Allow none else but me your lips
To kiss, lass.
A practice good to keep to one
It is, lass.
If thus you act you're sure to spend
A happy Christmas.

Another way—

Lesseps has cut right through the Isthmus;
He's sure to spend a happy Christmas.

Zeno.

If to spend Christmas Day
You would know a good way,
Hear a Catholic's manner. First, 'tis mass,
Then your afternoon spend
In your home with a friend
Or two, merrily keeping up Christmas.

Good Sense.

Another wonder of the age,
A glorious line for history's page,
Has marked the present Christmas:
Destined to deserved renown
Lesseps' name is handed down
As conq'ror of the isthmus.

Snodgrass.

A pretty toy, "The Finger Link,"
A sort of loving isthmus
Of leather, mingled white and pink,
Is advertised this Christmas.
At Cupid's mill (these links are "Cupid's fetters")
All loving bonds as grist pass;
'Twas Maud first taught me love's first letters,
'Neath misletoe last Christmas.
But when one kiss to steal I think
She shouts and cries, "Now list, ass!
Try that again, your thumbs I'll link,
And hold you there till Christmas."
And if her fingers I would press
At (O what a dainty fist!) mass,
The trembling digits say, "No—yes—
Not now—perhaps at Christmas."
But vengeance waits thee, saucy miss;
I'll seize thee by the wrist, lass,
And hold thee in one endless kiss
'Neath misletoe this Christmas.

Yule.

Prize Word No. X.—Globe.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

⁂ All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

THE past week has been a week of *débûts*. No fewer than four pets of the provinces have turned their attention towards becoming the talk of the town, and all, wonderful to say, have some kind of excuse for their railway ticket. Mrs. F. W. Lander, who has appeared at the Lyceum in an adaptation of Giacometti's *Elisabetta, Reina d'Inghilterra*, one of Ristori's creations, is a sound, useful actress; learned in tradition, well acquainted with stage business, and a solid support to any company. Mrs. Rousby, who, with her husband, graced the revival of *The Fool's Revenge* at the Queen's Theatre, is extremely graceful, intelligent, and *sympathique;* an acquisition to the dry stubbles of the drama, where so many geese feed, which can hardly be over-rated. Mr. Rousby played Bertuccio with Mr. Phelps's force and incisiveness, without the occasional harshness and angularity displayed by that meritorious actor, and, if he only proceed as he has commenced, should make his own a line hitherto far from satisfactorily filled. Finally, Mr. Taveres, a Jamaica tragedian, has been playing Iago at Sadler's Wells with such unusual originality and *intention* that the legitimists there predict a brilliant career for him in these cooler latitudes. It is long since such a *pas de quatre* has sought a welcome in six days, and we give our "hand" in consideration of both the novelty and the merit of the performance.

We have not yet had an opportunity of seeing *Wat Tyler, M.P.*, the new burlesque at the Gaiety; but, in spite of what we have read to the contrary, we should hardly trust the evidence of our senses if we failed to find it amusing. We should as soon expect to find Mr. De Newgate amusing as Mr. G. A. Sala dull.

The *carte* for the final entertainment given by that eminent *chef*, Mr. Charles Mathews, is before us, and no one can quarrel with it on the score of deficiency in quantity or variety. The length of the programme rivals that of the bills of the famous old long Thursdays at Her Majesty's, when we were sung to sleep until the small hours of the morning. As might be expected, the managers vie with each other in offering the services of their stars to grace the farewell of such a popular favourite as Sir Charles Coldstream, which will take place among the heartfelt regrets and good wishes of his "friends, patrons, and the public."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VECTIS.—We will forward your suggestion to the proper quarter. Thanks for your kind expressions.

J. P. STEEL.—We object to your brass. Metal on metal is false heraldry.

MELTON.—Makes very good head-quarters for wide-awake people. Capping is not the fashion there.

DUC-AU-DHURRAS.—Dhurras means peas. You can translate the rest for yourself.

BRIDOON.—Your assurance is unbridled. Curb it a bit.

FLYING CHILDERS, sometimes called the "Flying Dutchman" is now First Lord of the Admiralty. He did his well-known mile a minute in the Brighton express.

MISLETOE BOUGH.—We shall perhaps best reciprocate your obliging sentiments by saying Misletoe Wow

CHIFNEY.—The Beacon Course is twice round Eddystone Lighthouse, and in the Audley End Course was first run over by Miss Braddon.

TRESHNISH.—For one so situated you have a pretty wit. We can only account for the phenomena you mention by supposing them to have been induced by the climate of Mull.

PRIZE RHYMES.

Competition papers received from:—Chota Dussera, John, Mr. Bunch, Schoolboy, Said, Cogs, Sparsus, Good Wishes, Pero, Farmer F., Owlet, Pic, Beau Peep.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

We regret to have to state that in consequence of the sudden indisposition of the Artist the publication of our first CARTOON *is unavoidably postponed until Saturday, the 1st January next.*

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1869.

THE signs and wonders which have so long foretold the advent of the festive season, have culminated to-day, and Christmas once more stands confessed. The waits have done their worst, and are looking forward to that box which, in my case at least, will be resolutely closed against them. The great Tame Beast Show, where the savour of improved Berkshire wrestled with disinfecting fluid and was overcome, is closed, and their Serene Streakinesses, its whilom inmates, are gracing good men's feasts, more beautiful in death than at any previous period in their apoplectic career. The goose clubs, which so long implored us to join, have distributed their prizes, and sent home the lucky winners under a load of goose and beef, mincemeat and Hodges' cordial (specially the last named), staggering. The piles of mincemeat and dried fruits which have so long goaded infancy to madness in the grocer's windows have been worked up into the puddings and pies proper to the day. The magic cave of Fortnum and Mason has closed for the present its tempting exhibits—dissolving views, I might call them—and allows little flies to buzz no longer about that marvellous honey pot. Extravaganza and burlesque are straining, so to speak, in the slips, and but one day divides us from pantomime. All over the country has the miserable gobbler been pursued with fire and sword, and now, roasted and carved, he is being dismembered as if all Russia were bent on his ruin. The pudding, containing a pound of everything, has been stirred by the united forces, and is now in that stage when it reminds one of our laundress and baker, laundress uppermost. Mary Jane has put sprigs of holly into the most unlikely places, and misletoe whenever she can be kissed handily, and has sat down under the largest branch, prepared for the worst. The children have come home, and have tinselled Richard the First to that extent that the dining-room seems all gum and gold dots. Finally, the bills have come in, all on blue paper, all spelling Christmas with an X, all longer than one expected, and all for indispensable necessaries. There is no mistake about the quarter-day: we are at the 25th of December, new style, or nowhere.

Notwithstanding the regular recurrence of the familiar phenomena, the presence they herald is by no means so unvarying. Apart, of course, from its religious aspect, the popular idea of Christmas has had a tendency to fluctuate, and is even now in a transitional state. When Mr. Dickens threw the halo of his genius about Old Christmas, lending grace and dignity to his rubicund face and rotund figure, and lighting up his somewhat animal characteristics with Peace and Goodwill, the belief in him was unbounded. Christmas stories, Christmas songs, Christmas numbers, Christmas trees, waked us up to a species of idolatry for a season which to most of its devotees presented no more tangible idea than that of a time of legitimatised gluttony, abnormal disbursements, and chilblains. By the aid of Tiny Tim and the *Illustrated London News*, Christmas was converted into a time when everyone was expected to ask everyone to dinner, to forgive everyone his trespasses, and to pass a general act of indemnity over the steaming bowl. It was a pretty, harmless faith, and though it conduced to many free fights among family parties, and some terrific quarrels among the peacemakers, afforded at least a good deal of pleasant reading, and stimulated almsgiving of the broken-victuals kind in the suburbs. The tendency now seems to be rather to pooh-pooh Christmas as somewhat of a hoary impostor. Mr. Dickens has dropped his old friend, and Christmas numbers are voted a bore, no one believing in the possibility of twelve fluent fellow travellers being snowed up *every* year for our entertainment. Family parties are not held in the high estimation they once were; and I know two elderly gentlemen who habitually secrete themselves in a City chop-house on the sacred day, when they should be ornaments of their respective domestic circles. Still, it is a great time, a glorious time, more sweet and significant in the year of grace 1869, to my thinking, than it has been for many a generation. Fill high the bowl. Charge your glasses to the brim! Drain a bumper to the pious, glorious, and immortal memory of the Christmas of Christmasses! For it is the last Christmas-day before the ABOLITION, and deserves three times three, and every other arithmetical felicitation of which Mr. Harker is master.

The most sensible of metropolitans being absent on mistletoe excursions, and the next in order of intellect being fast within doors, the streets to-day present a ghastly spectacle. Upper Wimpole-street or the Euston-road are not lively objects on a Sunday in December, but this normal state of gloom is intensified tenfold on Christmas Day. There is no one abroad but those who carol or those who weep—*sweep*, I mean. Even the vendors of roast chesnuts have quitted their industrial avocations, and the very shoeblacks have forsaken their Japan for their Home. Now and then a houseless wanderer, with a practical experience of the Good Will entertained by man towards man, is seen crouching on a door step, and an occasional street Arab may be detected snuffing up the savoury odours of the sick man from an aristocratic area. But for these trivial interruptions the town might be a city of the dead, or of those tombs frequented at night by the Ghoule, who ate rice with a bodkin. The man who can walk up the Marylebone Road on Christmas Day with a fine uncertainty as to dinner in his mind may be considered to try himself pretty high. I have passed Christmas Day in many strange places, and very miserably, but for good abject wretchedness and a complete sense of isolation, London against the world.

Is it true, or do we only dream that Christmas, like Bouillabaisse, almond cakes, toffee, and treacle pudding, is not so good as it was? It seems to me, looking back to my days of plaid tunic and belt, that Christmas began earlier, lasted longer, and was far jollier in the middle than it is. The entire week in which Christmas was embedded was a disorderly week to which rules and regulations could not be applied, an extra-judicial time which ran its wild and wilful course unchecked by the authorities. The Sunday after was a *fête*, dedicated, when practicable, to the consumption of the relics of the feast, and Boxing Day found us, consequent on the proximity of the Columbine, in a state of delirious insubordination. How the balance of our minds was preserved at all until Twelfth Night I know not, but not until king and queen had been drawn did the ancient festival close. It seems harsh to have made us abdicate so soon after the commencement of a happily-inaugurated reign, but the Great Powers were, on that point, inexorable, the rest of the month being given up, so far as I recollect it, to Dr. Scammony, Astronomical Lectures, and a Synopsis of the Life of Gustavus Adolphus.

Ah, one enjoyed a pantomime then, as one liked, in one's crude youth, a glass of fruity, luscious, overpowering port. Now your young cavalier of 12 cares for nothing below a vaudeville, and takes his wine "dry." Miss Farren and the Gaiety *ballet* (with plenty of leg) and a glass of cherry brandy between the acts is the style for Master Adolphus, and lucky is it if he can be induced to go home after the performance. Anything *over* 12 now lights his cigarette in the lobby, and wishes his mam ma and sisters "ta, ta" at the carriage window. I protest that we, the old, bald, grizzled roosters of a bygone age were mild and decorous innocents compared with the preternaturally forward cockerels of to-day.

There is but one way, I sincerely believe, for the aged, a class to which in these days all over 28 must be held to belong, to pass a satisfactory Christmas Day. Take the parliamentary to Crank-cum-Oakham, the dullest post town in Cumberland, drive to the Seven Stars, something to drink (they have only the hardest ale), send for the vicar (he is stone deaf), order the best bed-room, and go to bed until it is all over. Then you can come up to town and describe the festivities at Dufferton Hall, the old-fashioned English hospitality of Sir Dufferton Booby, the archness and vivacity of the Misses Booby, the sterling qualities of Majoribank Booby, and all the other glories, the joy of reciting which drives so many a confirmed metropolitan from his lonely hearth.

London Lyrics.

No. XIII.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

DRIP, drip, drip on the pavement cold,
Splash, splash, splash in the muddy street,
Chilling the young and killing the old,
Wrapping us all in a winding-sheet.
Fall, cruel rain, and blow, bitter wind,
Come, Disease, with thy seven-leagued stride,
In this great Christian city your victims find,
Triumph now in this Christmas tide!

Order your dinners, ye Charity Boards,
Prepare, kind ladies, your fancy bazaars,
Warm-hearted guardians, enlarge your wards,
Magistrates, polish your prison bars;
Good philanthropist, give us a scheme
Better than those you as yet have tried,
For to us ragged ones all is a dream,
All this glory of Christmas-tide!

Wealth, Wealth, Wealth, we see it around us,
The mansions we gaze at are lined with gold;
Want, Want, Want with starvation has bound us,
But Want is sinful, and Crime is bold—

Can ye not teach us to earn our bread?
Rich and poor, we are side by side—
Or were it better we all were dead,
We, the curse of this Christmas-tide?

Rich societies, with offices fine,
Secretaries, managers, clerks a score,
Created to listen to every whine,
Why do you drive us from door to door?
We must prove this, and we must prove that,
Or the moderate dole is denied;
You the while on subscriptions grow fat,
While we grow lean at this Christmas-tide.

Ministers, you who care not for place,
But only for all the good you can do,
Descend from your spheres and look *us* in the face—
We, the pariahs, cry to you.
Disestablish—we care not, go on—disendow,
Reform, deform, and govern, and guide,
Give honours and titles, at last you must know
The wretched are dying at Christmas-tide.

Lordly prelates, in palaces fine,
Strange successors of fishermen,
You can breakfast, and lunch, and dine,
Confirm, ordain, and go home again,
Snuff out a curate, and snub a priest
Who to win us back to God's grace have tried
By means that you didn't approve of—at least
You should be with us at Christmas-tide.

Well, well, well, better times may come—
We have learned to be patient and wait;
Our children, perhaps, may have a home,
And learn what we know not, soon or late.
Teach us a little, it's all we ask;
Everything hasn't as yet been tried;
For our part we will learn the task,
However hard, at each Christmas-tide.

We, too, have souls, and something of mind,
We are immortal as well as you;
Teach us a little, and you shall find
That we our humble duties can do.
Lead us, and love us a little, we pray,
Brothers and sisters through the world wide;
Perhaps at last there may come the day
When we all shall be happy at Christmas-tide.

FOUR CHARADES.

"NOW November is over (it really *was* long!)
Do let us be merry our neighbours among.

"Let us coax dear papa—let us get up a ball;
It will really cost nothing, we'll dance in the hall."

So the damsels their arms round "the Governor" fling;
Dear girls *can* be so fond when they want anything!

But papa was "a nasty cross thing!" "What? a dance?
To pirouette? Rubbish! to puff and to prance!

"Stuff! why not find pleasure in something less vain—
Something more intellectual, something more sane?

"Even charades—they exercise talent and mind.
If *you* will be sensible, *I* will be kind.

"Act charades before all the bobbings begin,
And then like teetotums, why, round you may spin.

"If you like that diversion—tastes differ—'tis well,
But I stand out for charades, to show you can spell.

"Four charades—one word must six syllables be,—
And then you may dance like a Dervish for me!"

So papa on the bridge of his reverend nose
Replaces his glasses, and turns from his foes.

The poor girls stand discomfited—quite a sad sight.
"*Four* charades! why they would take up half the night!

"One, a word of six syllables!" Each to the other
Turns, pale and aghast; and one faintly says, "Bother!"

"But never say die! we'll consult Cousin John;
He's a dear that we always can reckon upon!"

John was summon'd accordingly. Almost with tears
The girls told him their troubles, dilemmas, and fears.

"There'll be no time to dance! 'twill be hardly worth while!"
John stroked down his beard, shook his head, bid a smile.

"Well, it *is* rather puzzling; but still, let us see—
I think I can manage it—leave all to me."

"Oh, you dear John!" I think had he asked for a kiss
The dear girls would hardly have ta'en it amiss.

"And now let us consult——" "Not at all, my sweet friends;
When a question is asked then all confidence ends.

"Go and order your dresses, and don't talk to me!
On the night of the party you'll see what you'll see."

The night of the party arrived. The dear girls
Were all flutter and fluster, and ribbons and curls.

Cousin John walked about unconcerned, with an air
Just as if he had nothing at all to do there.

And it seemed that he had very little. He said,
"Just bring me a curtain," and nodded his head.

"Nothing more?" "My dear girls, nothing more, nothing less.
Genius needs no accompaniments. Go and dress.

The guests seated, the curtain was gently withdrawn,
And the audience resigned them to look and to yawn.

THE CHARADES.

Two men met in the street. One a well-known M.D.;
And the other said, "How do you do, Doctor B?"

The six syllable charade—beginning and end;
Nothing more, nothing less—only friend meeting friend.

The fair sisters exchanged looks of wonder and joy,
And gasped, "*Metaphysician*. O, what a dear boy!"

But steady! The curtain is rising once more;
The same scene, the same men—neither spoke:—*Metaphor*.

Midst much laughter the curtain falls; rises again
On a towel-horse only, quite white, very plain.

And John says 'tis an island. "Why, *Delos*, of course!"
Curtain falls; curtain rises—the same towel horse!

"*Samos!* Dear Cousin John, O how clever you are!
And it still wants a quarter to ten, I declare!"

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

THE past week has been one of unbroken monotony in racing circles, and, for the first time since Lincoln Spring Meeting, has been void of a single fixture, either on the flat or across country, so that I may at once resume my analysis of the Derby candidates' form as two-year-olds.

Kingcraft, who succeeds Sunshine in order of favouritism, is the next animal I come to, and it is no easy task to weigh his performances correctly, so varying have they been. He is a bay colt by King Tom—Woodcraft, and consequently a near relation to Ostreger and Laneret, who were out of Woodcraft's dam. These two gentlemen were very speedy horses, but most indifferent stayers, which, coupled with the fact that Kingcraft's sire has never yet produced a real good stayer of the first class, does not augur very favourably for the chance of Lord Falmouth's colt having a successful three-year-old career. In addition to this, he labours under the suspicion of not being the gamest finisher that we have seen—a fact which is rather strengthened than otherwise by his performance in the Middle Park Plate. After having made the worst of the case against him, let me state that *en revanche* he is in the hands of one of the few trainers who, in my opinion, know when the Derby-day really is, and who will bring him to the post in the most faultless condition; that his owner is one of the few owners who never run their horses except to win, and upon whom the public can rely not to allow their horses to be used for a game of battledore and shuttlecock in the market. In addition, to my mind, he is the most likely of any of the sons of King Tom I ever saw to train on, and to turn the tide of ill-luck which has set in against the progeny of the Baron's stallion. Kingcraft's first appearance was at Ascot in the Triennial on Wednesday, previous to which race he was backed for the Derby to win upwards of £40,000 at odds averaging 20 to 1, so great was the reputation which preceded him; as most of us, to our cost, remember, in this race, for which there were only three runners, odds of 4 to 1 were freely laid on him (and it was considered finding money), but we had counted without the Baron, who had prepared one of his many Ascot surprises for us, and Mahonia, ridden by Fordham, succeeded in upsetting by a head one of the greatest certainties of the season. That his defeat was owing to his want of condition, which never overturns calculations so often as on the Royal Heath, was generally apparent, and the truth of this surmise was borne out by the running of the two competitors in the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket in July, which was Kingcraft's next appearance in public. Here, in spite of his defeat at Ascot, and the presence of his victrix among the field, which included Agility, fresh from her triumphs on the Town Moor at Newcastle; Cestus, who was one of Mr. Graham's formidable battalion of youngsters; Prince, St. George, the Katherine Logie colt, and others of high private reputation, he was made a great favourite at 2 to 1, and rewarded the confidence of his supporters by winning very easily from Cestus, with St. George third. At first sight, this seemed a very meritorious performance, but it must be admitted that between this race and the end of the season his opponents have showed very second-rate form, many of them not even that. After his victory, however, he was installed second favourite for the Derby, which position he has maintained ever since. At Goodwood we again meet with him, this time contesting the Ham Stakes with Sunlight, who was his only opponent. The odds of 5 to 2 laid on him, and very reasonably so, were never in doubt, and though he was not ridiculously beaten, Sunlight never had a chance with Lord Falmouth's colt, to whom it must, however, be added, he was giving a 3 lb. allowance. Still sticking to classic ground, we next find Kingcraft on the Knavesmire, where he had an easy task set him—viz., to beat La Calonne, Nobleman, Performer, and Falkland, which he accomplished without difficulty, giving them all weight—La Calonne, who was second, no less than 11 lbs., including sex allowance. After this outing he returned to Newmarket, to leave it no more for the autumn, and where he met with the most serious reverses that he has yet encountered. The Buckenham Stakes at the First October had been looked forward to with much interest, as he and Sunshine were both entered for it, and people were anxious to get at their relative form—a pleasure which was, however, postponed by Mr. Merry withdrawing her and the rest of his horses, except Disguise, from their engagements at this meeting. He, however, encountered a more formidable antagonist than had been reckoned upon in Normanby, who after his summer performances had been thought very little of. He, however, was nearly being the cause of as tremendous a *fiasco* as that at Ascot, for it was only by a head that Kingcraft, or rather French, succeeded in stalling him off. This race, of course, created a great sensation, for Normanby's race with Sunshine at York was fresh in our recollections, and naturally operated very unfavourably against Kingcraft's position in the betting. On the Thursday of the same meeting he somewhat redeemed his reputation by an

easy win in the Triennial from Nobleman, reported much improved, and five others, whose form, however, was so moderate that he could not lay claim to much κῦδος for his victory, easily as it was obtained. He was allowed to walk over for the October Produce Stakes at the Second October Meeting on the Monday, and then appeared in public for the eighth time in the Middle Park on Wednesday. In the face of Sunshine, whose public performances fairly entitled her to the lead in the betting, and of Hawthornden, who escaped all penalties, and thus had a 7 lb. advantage of him, and who was backed for a great stake of money, Kingcraft was not made a very hot favourite, but at 5 to 1—his starting price—he was very heavily supported, and to a certain extent justified that support, for, though he did not win, he was only a head behind Sunshine, herself that distance behind Frivolity. Though many people assert that he finished very gamely here when French called on him, and that he "hung" towards Sunshine only through distress, I cannot agree with them, and must confess that I am of opinion that he flinched a bit, though, under any circumstances, Sunshine could not have been more than a neck in advance of Frivolity (the winner), and consequently a neck and a head before him. Even this, the most unfavourable view of the case, makes Kingcraft a very formidable foe, the more so as there were some of the best two-year-olds a long way in his rear. His ninth and last appearance was in the Criterion Stakes, at the Houghton Meeting, which race must give Mr. Merry a double opportunity of ascertaining his correct form with Sunshine and Sunlight, and Joe Dawson, a line of Camel, through Hester. Although Lord Falmouth started Atlantis, who had done well in the Clearwell and Prendergast, Kingcraft was made a great favourite, and until the commencement of the rails, seemed to be about to win easily; but his penalty told up the hill, and he was headed by Sunlight, who appeared to be walking in, but who, cutting it as usual when called on for an effort, allowed Hester in turn to pass him, and win cleverly by a length, Lord Falmouth's colt finishing four lengths behind Sunlight. It is true that he was giving him 7 lbs., and that, if persevered with, he might have finished much nearer to him; but taking all this into consideration, the defeat was, to my mind, very damaging to him, though, judging by the tone of the market, the public does not seem to have adopted that view, as he is now almost as good a favourite as Sunshine. It will be seen that he has run nine times, being successful on six occasions and defeated on three, the first and two last of his appearances. As I said before, it remains to be seen if he will improve in due proportion from a two to a three-year old, or whether he will share the fate of the generality of King Tom's offspring after they passed the season of their early youth.

I now come to Camel, a colt occupying a most extraordinary position in the betting, seeing that up to the close of the Doncaster meeting, he had not been dreamt of, in connection with the Derby, even by his own stable, who had not, up till then (many say even until now), backed him for a farthing for that race. His previous performances had been so execrable that he would hardly have been claimed out of a £100 selling plate. Like his sister-in-blood, Hester, he was brought into Newmarket by his breeder for sale last autumn, but no one would look at the two yearlings or offer any price at all, so he sent them to Joseph Dawson to train, and well have they repaid his confidence, even if they never win another race. Manifestly unfit and not backed for a rap, Camel first ran for a £50 plate at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, which was won by Kennington, his stable companion, Prince Arthur, who was a very hot favourite, being second, and Hester also running unplaced and unbacked. He next appeared at the July Meeting in a £100 plate, and finished a bad fifth to Capsule, Guy Dayrell, Perfume, and Symmetry colt, and on this occasion he was totally friendless, as again on the Thursday of the same meeting, where he was in the ruck for a Maiden Plate won by Podestà. Keeping up his "reputation" for apparent badness, he came out for the fourth time at Yarmouth in the Nursery, where he was nowhere to Rossignol (the winner), Zacchæus, and the Castanette filly, all of whom were giving him weight—a grand performance on the part of a Derby horse! At Doncaster he was made a tremendous favourite for the Corporation Stakes, yet he could not get near Barrier, Normanby, Mount Pleasant, and Indian Ocean, the three latter of whom ran a dead heat for second place. After this performance, no wonder that he started at 100 to 6 in a field of five, which included Perfume, White Slave, Agility, and Exciseman for the Edgbaston Stakes on the following day; yet he won by an easy three-quarters of a length from Agility, from whom, however, he was substantially receiving 10 lbs. Nevertheless, this performance was a pretty good one, when we remember that White Slave and Perfume, both nailers over the T.Y.C., were behind him, and utterly at variance with all his previous essays. To make confusion worse confounded, he comes out and runs the Nursery on Friday with 8st. 6lb. on his back in a field of eighteen, giving 41lbs. and 32lbs. to Newsman and Enfield, Mr. Payne's pair, who were very heavily supported. This fairly landed him a prominent favourite for the Derby, and when Frivolity and Hester did such wonders in the autumn, he gradually advanced to his present short price. With such tackle as Joe Dawson possesses to try him with, he ought never to train another horse if he makes a mistake when he comes to ask him the question in the spring. But I will at once state that I shall expect to find the Doncaster form a flash-in-the-pan, and that, though not such a rank bad one as his previous exploits would lead one to imagine, he is far from being the animal that his present admirers would have us believe. Handicap form is never a very reliable guide, with two-year-olds especially, and Newsman was before and up till that time an absolute wretch, and Enfield little better. In the Eglinton Stakes he decidedly did not give Agility a 10lb. beating, which he need have done to put himself on an equality with her; and granted that he was as good as her at even weights, what chance would she have in the Derby? My readers will ere this have concluded that, in my opinion, if the Derby is to go to Bedford House next year, it will not be Camel who will take it there.

Stanley is a bay colt by Knowsley, out of Allegra, and in the same stable as Pretender, and bred by the same gentleman, Mr. Sadler; so he comes before the public with all the prestige of success, which his sole performance did not tend to diminish. Declining one or two engagements at Stockton and York, he made his *début* in the Two-year-old Sweepstakes on Thursday at Doncaster—a few hours before Camel startled us out of our propriety. Sunlight was a great favourite, and Gertrude was also heavily backed, while Stanley, who was evidently green and only half-trained, was almost friendless at 100 to 8. The distance was almost a mile, and found out the weak spots in most of the runners. Before three parts of the distance had been traversed, Stanley and Torreador (who had no price) had the rest beaten, and the former won, after a fine race, by a head, with Gertrude three lengths behind. It is true that to beat Torreador was no great performance, he having run very badly both before and since, though he has been backed for a lot of money for the Derby; but considering the almost untrained condition of Stanley, and the distance that Gertrude (reported to be within 10lbs. of Kingcraft) and Sunlight were beaten, it was a very auspicious commencement of his public life. He is a good sound horse, well bred, and who will be well trained, and his stable have plenty of horses to put him through the mill with, so that it will not do to hold him too cheap. Many will back him, because he belongs to the owner of this year's winner; with me that would be rather a reason against backing him, for it is very rarely that an owner has the luck to win two Derbys in succession. But as all this is mere chance-work, it remains to consider his chance on his merits, and this I will do more in detail when I arrive at the end of my review and give the order for a march past.

RACING AND STEEPLE-CHASE FIXTURES.

DECEMBER.

Finchley ..... 27, 28 | Manchester 31, 1

JANUARY.

Hopgrove steeple-chases .. 3 | Carlisle steeple-chases .. 26

FEBRUARY.

Birmingham Steeple-ch.. 8, 9 | Baschurch Steeple-chases.. 25
Derby Spring ..... 15, 16 | Newton Spring 25, 26
Harrow Spring 17, 18

MARCH.

Nottingham Spring .... 1, 2 | G. Military and Rugby H. 16, 17
Liverpool Spring .. 8, 9, 10 | Warwick Spring.. 22, 23, 24
Pontefract and West Riding ..... 14, 15 | Enfield 25
Cambridgeshire ..... 14, 15 | Epsom Spring 29, 30
Co. Down Steeple-ch...15, 16 | Bromley 31, 1
West Somerset Steeple Chases ..... 16, 17 | Cheltenham Steeple-chases 31, 1

APRIL.

Northampton ..... 5, 6 | Kingsbury 18, 19
Southdown Hunt ..... 6 | Kildare Hunt 19, 20
Thirsk Spring ..... 7, 8 | Hambledon 22
West Drayton Spring .. 7, 8 | Lewes Spring 26, 27
Aldershot Steeple-chases. 7, 8 | Croydon Spring 28, 29
Durham ..... 18, 19 | Rothbory 28
Newmarket Craven.. 18—22

MAY.

Newmarket First Spring. 2–6 | Baldoyle 17, 18
Chester ..... 10, 11, 12, 13 | Doncaster Spring 19, 20
Winchester ..... 10, 11 | Harpenden 20
Co. Louth & Ardee S.C. 10, 11 | Bath 24, 25
Salisbury ..... 12, 13 | Croydon First Summer .. 26
Chelmsford ..... 17, 18 | Stamford 26, 27
York Spring ..... 17, 18 | Epsom Summer.. 31, 1, 2, 3

JUNE.

Wye ..... 7 | Newcastle-on-Tyne 21, 22, 23
Manchester ..... 8, 9, 10 | Newton Summer.. 22, 23, 24
Croydon 2nd Summer 8, 9, 10 | Hampton Summer .. 23, 24
Ascot ..... 14, 15, 16, 17 | Bibury Club 29
Windsor June ..... 21, 22 | Stockbridge 30, 1

JULY.

Carlisle July ..... 5, 6 | Reading 12, 13
Newmarket July .. 5, 6, 7, 8 | W. Drayton Summer.. 14, 15
Sutton Park Summer .. 5, 6 | Knutsford 15, 16
Worcester ..... 7, 8 | Huntingdon 19, 20
Pontefract Summer .. 11, 12 | Kingsbury Summer .. 21, 22
Nottingham July .... 12, 13 | Goodwood 26, 27, 28, 29

AUGUST.

Brighton .. .. 2, 3 | Bromley 16, 17
Tiverton ..... 3, 4 | Stockton 17, 18, 19
Brighton Club ..... 4 | Oxford 18, 19
Lewes ..... 5, 6 | York August 23, 24, 25
Egham ..... 9, 10 | Plymouth 25, 26
Wolverhampton .... 9, 10 | Scarborough 29, 30
Windsor August .. 11, 12 | Derby Summer 30, 31
Radcliffe ..... 12, 13 | Weymouth 30, 31
Lichfield 16, 17

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick ..... 6, 7 | Hendon 22, 23
Abingdon ..... 8, 9 | Western Meeting, Ayr 21, 22, 23
Doncaster Sept. 13, 14, 15, 16 | Newmarket First Oct. 27—30
Hampton Autumn .. 20, 21 | Lanark 29, 30
Richmond 20, 21

OCTOBER.

Bedford ..... 4, 5 | Newmarket 2nd Oct..10—14
Leicester ..... 6, 7 | Cheltenham Autumn...18, 19
Bromley ..... 6, 7 | Newmarket Houghton. 24, 29

NOVEMBER.

Liverpool Autumn 8, 9, 10, 11 | Shrewsbury 14, 15, 16, 17, 18

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Liverpool Grand National (4½) miles	Wed., March 9.
City and Suburban (1½ miles)	Tues., March 29.
Great Metropolitan (2¼ miles)	Wed., March 30.
Northamptonshire Stakes (2 miles)	Tues., April 5.
Newmarket Handicap (1½ miles)	Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards)	Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)	Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2½ miles)	Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles)	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles)	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1⅞ miles)	Tues., Aug. 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., Aug. 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles)	Thurs. Aug. 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yards)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yards)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yards)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs).....	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yards).	Tues., Oct. 25.

IN THE ARENA.

THE Thames Rowing Club Steeplechase on Saturday last brought the athletic season of 1869 to a conclusion. The race in question was carried off by Mr. W. M. Chinnery, who started from scratch, and amply demonstrated his title as amateur champion at all distances from a mile and upwards. Too much praise cannot be accorded to this gentleman for the pluck and perseverance he has shown on attaining the title he now holds. Many of our readers will recollect, when this gentleman first came out as an amateur pedestrian, how very moderate his performances were, and now he has done better "time" than

his conquerors could ever boast of. This question now rises to our mind, viz., would Messrs. Lawes, Thornton, and Lang, who have at times beaten Mr. Chinnery, been capable of rivalling his latest performances if they had followed out running with the same degree of perseverance? We are inclined to think they would have done so, as, to our mind, all the three gentlemen named were better *natural* runners than Mr. Chinnery, and would not have had nearly so much to learn as that gentleman. However, "honour to whom honour is due." We have often heard discussed the reason why the amateur times at long distances are so much iuferior to those of some professionals. The question is readily solved, to our mind, by the foregoing, as no man can, without years of perseverance and learning, run a mile (no matter however good he naturally be) in four and a half minutes; and although it is only on rare occasions that we hear of 4 minutes and 20 seconds being performed by professionals, it has been done by some after many years' application, and we say without hesitation that if amateurs could spare the time, they would rival the doings of professionals. In short distances the amateurs are far nearer the professionals, as a natural turn of speed requires but little tuition to excel. We could not name three professionals to whom the quarter-mile champion, Mr. Colbeck, would succumb, and in still shorter distances the number of professionals would be fewer as superior to amateurs.

Among the winners of the crack amateur races during the season are Mr. Wilson, of Worcester College, Oxford, who won both the Inter-University 100 yards, and subsequently the championship at that distance; but we do not think he will repeat either of these victories, as the fields he beat on each occasion were very moderate, and his style is none of the best. At a quarter of a mile Mr. Upcher carried off the Inter-University race in 53 seconds—a very fair performance considering the state of the ground, and unless Mr. Ridley should run again for his University, he will have a good chance (from his running this term) of repeating his victory at Lillie Bridge next year. The champion quarter was won for the second time in succession by Mr. E. J. Colbeck, who was, however, doomed to defeat in the half mile by Mr. Somers Smith, chiefly, we think, from holding his opponent too cheaply. Mr. Chinnery won the Champion Mile, and Mr. Royds the Inter-University race at that distance; and Mr. Morgan for the second time carried the "dark blue" to victory for the three-mile. We hope next year to see all these gentlemen again at the post to try conclusions with the younger hands. In the meantime we can but congratulate the various clubs and colleges on the great success that has attended their meetings.

AMONG THE FERNS AND WITH THE FAWNS.

BY CEDRIC THE SAXON.

[THE INTRODUCTION.]

"When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fattened thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the jav'lin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful fauchion shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone."

SIX hours sleep for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for the fool, is a very old saying, and possibly there is some gravity in the old saw. During the months of May, June, July, and August at least three of the most delicious hours in every 24 hours are murdered; or, if you like the simile, smothered like the princes in the Tower; I do not mean to say that in the great metropolitan suburbs I would require that the "Man About Town" or any of his numerous satellites should every morning in those lovely sections of the year awake betimes to see on Primrose-hill the sun resplendent rise! Malignancy would soon be led to glance at the boots; and as the latch-key procured a quiet ingress from the morning ramble, the Welsh woman, in bitter irony, as she let fall from the yoke her cans, would cry, in sharpest tones, "Milk oh!"

I do not mean to be hard upon the *real* Londoner—that one, or I may say, that section, which follows with devotion the invitation of the unctuous Tom Moore, to borrow from night to lengthen the day. I would rather direct my shafts against Bucolic or Lobbin Clout indolence, and to that Lubberkin indifference to those charms which, from an early "good morning" to Nature, ought to surround a pastoral or agricultural life. As for myself, born and nurtured in the immediate vicinity of one of the finest trout streams in England, and in a proverbially good partridge district, it is not to be wondered at that the compass of proclivity should point to the rod and to the trigger. Many sleepless nights have I passed awaiting the time when the eastern clouds are by Aurora edged with light, that I might anticipate the jealous angler, and try those lovely bends before he reached the spot! And on the glorious first many a stubble in twilight have I watched upon a hog-back stile to see that no marauding, poaching, uncertificated rascal invaded the little manor over which I reigned supreme.

If there are "sermons in stones," so also are there eloquent discourses in the rich foliage of the woods and in the hawthorn's modest, sweetly-scented blossoms, whilst anthems from the feathered choir peal through the groves!

"'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year."

But "where are we now?" Let me see! It was on a day in the first week of July, and in the same year in which the Falcon fell to the "Vixen," that I had just half of the fool's share of rest; and I'll tell you how it happened.

It was on the bridge that spans the "Arun," that I met William Otley, the Duke of Norfolk's head gamekeeper, who thus accosted me:—"Our herd of deer now numbers hard upon 900; in the depth of winter, when the slender herbage is hidden by a coat of snow, and their little hoofs must remove the cloth which covers their scanty morning meal, it is as much as I can do, with the aid of fir branches, loads of hay, and even corn—distributed at their well-known trysting places—to keep them in a lean state, or even to drive the wolf from the door. We have already paid two destructive visits to the youngsters, but still the fawns are too numerous. To-morrow is our last day, and if you can come I shall be glad of your company; it is not exactly child's play in a park with such mountainous undulations, but above all is requisite, judgment in distance, so as to kill without crippling, and steadiness in shooting; for B shot, at 80 yards, would put a man's life in jeopardy; you can get the shot (Walker's B's) from Fred Sharpe, the gunsmith; so meet me to-morrow morning at "Hiornes Tower" when the quarter-bells of old St. Nicholas Church break the stillness at 3.45."

I retired to rest that night at 10.30, and rose at 2.30. The "Vixen" was as clean as a smelt, and a thick wad, with mercury on its edge, passed rapidly down and up the barrels, had removed every particle of lead, and they were as smooth as quicksilver. The "faithful one" had filled my half-pint flask with home-made raisin wine and brown brandy—the best mixture I know for a pocket companion. Not a soul was stirring as I turned into the mill-lane beneath the Castle, which was first commenced, in accordance with the advancement of knowledge, in the art of military defence, and then as years rolled on, and the stern requirements of the feudal system gave way to the wiser influences and concessions of constitutional liberty, the taste and munificence of architectural dignity, together with the refined improvements of domestic appliances, gradually usurped the more warlike features of the pristine stronghold, and Arundel Castle is at this time one of the finest baronial residences in the kingdom. The grey battlements of the Norman portion of the edifice, which, as a fortress, was pronounced complete by that well tried marshal of the Conqueror, Roger de Montgomery, nearly eight centuries ago, stood out faintly bold, whilst to my right a heavy dew hung over the brooklands. As I came to the Swanbourne Lake, there was the dairy, which had usurped the site of the Saxon mill, which at one time ground corn for Athelm, the nephew of the Great Alfred, as well as for Saxon churls and Norman nobles. The speckled teals rose at my foot-fall and whistled o'er my head, the duck and drake wi' airy wheels circled the lake, the sooty coots sent forth a mournful, monotonous note from their reedy beds, whilst from Parham Park the fisher-heron had thus early winged his flight to watch for eels. I climbed the Pughdean steep by the path which skirted the entrenchment thrown up by Sir Ralph Hopton to guard against a surprise on that side from the Roundheads, and reached "Hiornes Tower" exactly at 3.30. I stood on the very spot where, in 1102, Henry I. marshalled his forces when he assailed the Castle, and banished the turbulent Robert de Belesme to Normandy for having espoused the cause of Robert Curthose; here also, in 1139, King Stephen appeared in force to check in its bud a threatened insurrection; whilst, in 1643-4, Sir William Waller occupied this ground in his circuitous march from Winchester. I thought as I dropped the ounce of B's. into each barrel—containing exactly 59 perfect spheres of lead, hardened by mercury—what a change there was in warfare and in the art of killing game and murdering men.

How did that Friar of orders grey obtain the venison which filled his scrip, or formed that dainty warden-pie? It was not by the javelin, I know, nor was it by the fauchion bright, nor by the whistling sling; it must have been either through the agency of the rude bolt or the cloth-yard winged shaft flown from the 6-ft. twanging yew! Here my musing was interrupted by William with the simple word, "punctual!" "You shoot, I see," continued he, "with a small bore, but for this work it is quite as well. I shoot with a 12 bore by Moore; my brother Jack with a 10 bore by Fred Sharpe, and Jack Slaughter with a 9 gauge single, and he always loads her as if he was duck shooting, 5 drachms of powder and 2 oz. of shot; give him a wide berth! Our rules are these—if you kill a doe, we fine you £1 1s., if a pricket 10s. 6d., and if a marked fawn, *i.e.*, one ear cut, 5s.; and now we must begin to drive the ferns and plantations, just to rouse them, and it will be some time before I can plant you for a shot; and mind you do not shoot when the Doe is behind, but wait until she leads her Fawn.

(To be continued.)

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Advertisements.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.—Under the Sole Management of Mr. A. Harris.—On MONDAY, Dec. 27, will be produced a grand spectacular, pantomimical, fairy extravaganza, entitled THE YELLOW DWARF; or Harlequin Cupid and the King of the Golden Mines. By Henry J. Byron. Morning Performances every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2 o'clock.

UNDER the PATRONAGE of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, H.R.H. the Princess of Teck, H.S.H. the Prince of Teck.—A grand COMPLIMENTARY FAREWELL BENEFIT to Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS, previous to the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews for Australia, will be given at the THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN, on TUESDAY MORNING, Jan. 4, 1870, on which occasion all the managers and most of the principal artistes of the London theatres have in the kindest manner offered their services. The performance will commence at one o'clock precisely with a scene from "The Willow Copse," in which Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Furtado, Mr. R. Romer, and other members of the Adelphi Company will appear. A scene from the comedy of "School," in which Miss Marie Wilton, Miss C. Addison, Mrs. B. White, Mr. Baneroft, Mr. H. J. Montague, Mr. Hare, Mr. Glover, Mr. Addison, and other members of the Prince of Wales's company will appear. The Cottage Scene from the "Lady of Lyons," in which Mr. Lunt, Mr. Horsman, Mr. W. H. Stephens, Mr. Barry Sullivan, Mrs. Horsman, and Mrs. Herman Vezin will appear. A scene from "Not Such a Fool as He Looks," in which Mr. H. J. Byron, Mr. Parselle, Mr. J. Clarke, Mr. Westland, Miss Behrend, and Mrs. Stephens will appear. A scene from "The House on the Bridge," in which Madame Celeste will appear. A scene from "The Toodles." in whtch Mr. J. S. Clarke, Mr. Collier, Mr. W. Joyce, and Mr. W. Chamberlayne will appear. The Second Act of Sheridan's "Critic—The Tragedy Rehearsed," the cast of which will embrace the leading comedians of the day: Dangle, Mr. Alfred Wigan (Gaiety Theatre); Sneer, Mr. Barry Sullivan (Holborn Theatre); Puff, Mr. Charles Mathews; Under-Prompter, Mr. Charles Mathews, jun.; Lord Burleigh, Mr. J. B. Buckstone (Haymarket Theatre); Governor of Tilbury Fort, Mr. Frank Matthews (Queen's Theatre); The Earl of Leicester, Mr. J. Clarke (Globe Theatre); Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Lionel Brough (St. James's Theatre); Sir Christopher Hatton, Mr. W. H. Payne (Covent Garden Theatre; Master of the Horse, Mr. J. D. Stoyle (Covent Garden Theatre; Beefeater, Mr. J. L. Toole (Gaiety Theatre); Wiskerandos, Mr. Compton (Haymarket Theatre); First Sentinel, Mr. F. Payne (Covent Garden Theatre); Second Sentinel, Mr. H. Payne (Covent Garden Theatre); First Niece, Mrs. Keeley; Second Niece, Mrs. Frank Matthews (Haymarket Theatre); Tilburnia, Mrs. Charles Mathews; Confidante, Mrs. Chippendale (Haymarket Theatre). After which Mr. Charles Mathews will say a few parting words to the audience. A scene from the semi-operatic drama, "Jenny Lind at Last," in which Mrs. John Wood, Mr. L. Brough, Mr. M. Smith, Hr. William Farren, Mr. B. Hill, Mr. J. G. Shore, Mr. Gaston Murray, Mr. R. Grainger, A. W. Young, and other members of the St. James's Theatre will appear. To conclude with the second scene of "The Flying Dutchman" (by kind permission of Mr. William Brough), in which Miss M. Oliver, Miss Charlotte Saunders, Miss P. Bishop, Miss Armour, Miss J. Banks, Miss Adair, Miss Arnold, Mr. E. Danvers, Mr. Dewar, and other members of the Royalty Company will appear. The band will be under the direction of Mr. Betjemann, who has kindly volunteered his services. Prices of Admission: Private boxes from 1 to 3 guineas; stalls, 10s. 6d.; lower grand circle stalls, 8s.; dress circle, 6s.; upper boxes, 4s.; amphitheatre stalls (reserved), 3s.; amphitheatre stalls (unreserved), 2s.; gallery, 1s. Stage Manager, Mr. A. Harris, who has kindly given his valuable services.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.

On Monday next, Dec. 27, will be produced the Drury-lane comic Christmas annual, entitled BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, or Harlequin and Old Mother Bunch, written by E. L. Blanchard, with extensive scenery and elaborate effects by William Beverley. Characters in the opening by Misses Jessie Vokes, Victoria Vokes, Rosina Vokes, Kate Santley, Hudspeth, and Harriet Coveney. Messrs. Fred Vokes, Brittain Wright, F. W. Fawdon Vokes, and F. Moreland. In the Harlequinade—Clowns, H. Boleno and Little Rowella; Pantaloons, Paul Herring and J. Morris; Harlequins, S. Saville and W. Fawdon Vokes; Columbines, Misses Grosvenor and Jessie Vokes; Harlequina, Miss Rosina Vokes. The Price's Christy Minstrels. Paterson's Performing Dogs. La Petit Rarey and his Performing Pony. The celebrated Manley Family. The smallest Brass Band in the World by the Members of the Tyler Family. Preceded each evening by a new Farce, by C. A. Maltby, entitled I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL. Morning Performances of the Pantomime. Wednesday and Saturday at two o'clock. Musical Director, Mr. W. C. Levey. Ballet Master, Mr. John Cormack. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Doors open at half-past 6, commence at 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM.—Under the Direction of Mr. Allerton.

On Monday, 8th Appearance of the American tragédienne, Mrs. F. W. LANDER, formerly Miss Davenport.—At 7.15, a new comedietta, called AS GOOD AS GOLD. Miss and Mr. Coghlan. After which, at 8, first time, a Play in Five Acts, entitled ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND. Characters by Mesdames F. W. Lander, Burns, Harfluer, Tory; Messrs. Allerton, Harcourt, Coghlan, Ellis, Hamilton, Neville Scott, Weldon, Parry. To conclude with the RENDEZVOUS. Doors open at a quarter to 7, commence at a quarter-past 7.

GLOBE.—LORD BATEMAN, or the Proud Young Porter and the Fair Sophia, a new burlesque by Henry J. Byron, founded on the celebrated ballad, in which Miss Fanny Josephs will make her first appearance as Lord Bateman, on Boxing Night. New scenery, music, costumes, and appointments.

GLOBE.—Mr. H. J. Byron, as Sir Simon SIMPLE, in his new farcical Drama of NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS, Every Evening.

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ASTLEY'S.—E. T. Smith's Grand Pantomime, JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK. Artistes engaged: Miss Caroline Parkes, Miss Fosbroke, Miss Howard, Miss Wright, Miss Clair, Miss Seymour, Miss Nellie Ashton, Miss Minnie Foster Miss Erskine, Madame Rowella; principal danseuses, Mdlle. Manlie and Mlle. Marian; Master Percy Roselle, Mr. Garnold, Mr. Coles, Mr. Dudley, Mr. Pritchard, Mr. St. Albyn, Mr. Stonnette (the wonderful Clown); Pantaloon, Mr. Beckingham; Harlequin, Mr Lacy; Sprites, Brothers Furr. Also the first time in England the most wonderful Performing Elephant in the world, with a Stad of Camels, Dromedaries, Zebras, Horses, Ponies, Dogs, Sheep, Cows, Pigs, Monkeys, from the Cirque Napoleon, Paris. Morning Performances, Wednesdays and Saturdays at two o'clock. Children half price. Bonnets worn everywhere.

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